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## Dualities.

Would it surprise Colonel Roosevelt to learn from the Hon. WILLIAM BARNES' testimony later on that during the delightful but long gone period of his personal and political intimacy Mr. BARNES, too, was impressed with the Jekyll-Hyde or dual personality theory of human character; that Mr. BARNES, too, found Colonel ROOSEVELT, as he had found other men, of a two-sided nature in which good and evil alternately prevailed; that Mr. BARNES, too, with patient solicitude and tolerant friendliness, labored in a spirit of brotherly love to encourage the Jekyll and eliminate the Hyde in Colonel ROOSEVELT; that Mr. BARNES, too, felt that right on up to 1910 the Dr. Jekyll side of Colonel ROOSEVELT was dominant, and continued to hope that he would be able to make of the Colonel a useful public servant notwithstanding the Hyde that was in him; and that Mr. BARNES only gave Colonel ROOSEVELT up when his moral shrinkage became alarmingly apparent?

Would it astonish the Colonel to be told under oath that such was the unwavering attitude of Mr. WILLIAM BARNES toward him during the period of their close association and mutual helpfulness in politics?

The truth of the Jekyll-Hyde theory of human character is with all competent observers and philosophers a commonplace of moral diagnosis.

But how greatly it would simplify our knowledge of each other and rectify our apprehension of human motives, words and deeds if the good Lord had seen fit to designate by some physical mark of identification the men who are all Jekyll and without a trace of Hyde in their makeup!

How well we should know where to look for moral leadership if the Creator had thus visibly commissioned those human beings who are qualified to pronounce with authority upon the percentage of Jekyll and the percentage of Hyde in their fellow creatures!

Then we should not have to accept Colonel ROOSEVELT's quantitative analyses of righteousness and wickedness solely upon the strength of his own belief that the Lord has thus qualified and commissioned him.

## Germany's Colonies After the War.

In an address before the Royal Geographical Society in London recently Sir HARRY H. JOHNSTON, the traveler, explorer and colonial administrator and until the first shot was fired in the great war an advocate of an Anglo-German entente, proposed a destiny of humble isolation and harmless sequestration for Germany as a penalty for her unpardonable sin. Of course this old admirer and friend has convicted Germany of responsibility for the war. He thus unfolds his punitive plan:

"We may not be able to carry this war to that complete and triumphant conclusion we originally anticipated. We may not think the attempt to dictate peace in Berlin worth the life sacrifice it may involve; but we can, at any rate, strip Germany of her power of government outside Germany and Austria-Hungary. Having done that, we can offer to make peace, because we shall have this guarantee of future good behavior throughout the whole world: that she gives the Allies any further trouble, she has no colonies to repair to, she can be shut out of the commerce of the Old World by tariffs. I think, considering the degree she has made us, our allies and many neutral nations suffer in this unpunished war, it is not going beyond the limits of Christianity to picture such a means of punishment and control as the complete removal of her governing flag from Africa, Asia and Oceania."

Sir HARRY H. JOHNSTON may be regarded as a competent authority upon the topography, soil productions, native tribes, insect pests and germ diseases of Africa, but he is out of his depth when he meddles with statecraft. No responsible Minister who might have a hand in the making of peace if Great Britain and her allies prevailed would adopt the scheme of the voluble gentleman who entertained the Royal Geographical Society. The destiny of Germany with her population of 65,000,000 contained in 208,850 square miles of

territory is not domestic and parochial. She will still be a world power to be reckoned with after the war though defeat be her portion. Her traders will be as adventurous, energetic and versatile as ever, and the German merchant marine will carry the imperial flag into every sea. All of her people cannot find work and a subsistence at home, and the undeveloped spaces of the earth will attract great numbers of them; certainly the emigrants cannot all be compelled to expatriate themselves.

Without a colonial policy there can be no expansion of Germany overseas, and expansion is economically and politically imperative. No enlightened and far seeing statesman would consent to "the complete removal of her governing flag from Africa, Asia and Oceania," even if the Allies were strong enough in military resources to enforce such a sentence. An enduring peace is not made on terms of inhumanity and the repression of vital social forces where a great people are concerned. Moreover, trifling with destiny is a losing game. A defeated Germany would not be shorn of her colonies, though for strategic reasons some of them might be taken from her.

## Culebra in the Next Campaign?

The remarks which follow are copied from the Springfield Republican:

"The suggestion is that the Republicans might find it good politics to nominate General GOTTHALP and make the campaign one of efficiency and national defense. Whether business improves or not, the increasing demand of the public is for the honest and efficient administration of governmental affairs. The greatest business achievement in the history of the Federal Government has been the building of the Panama Canal, in which the straightforward and successful leadership has been exercised by General GOTTHALP. It could be argued that the methods employed by him, if applied to the administration of public affairs from the White House, would be of great benefit to the country."

The context indicates that our esteemed contemporary is reporting talk which it hears rather than making a nomination of its own.

THE SUN yields place to no one in the fervor of its admiration of General GOTTHALP's personal qualities and practical achievements.

Nevertheless, we venture to suggest that if the distinguished canal builder is to be run for President on a Culebra platform it might be common sense to wait until the battle-ships get through and Culebra stops sailing.

## A Presbyterian Parson's Son.

President Wilson's speech at Washington to the Presbyterians of Potomac Presbytery contained some reminiscences and reflections that commend it to a wider hearing. The son of a Presbyterian clergyman, Mr. Wilson's fate of distinction may be said to have been prepared for him. Not that many sons of clergymen of the Presbyterian or whatever other flock can come to renown; but notably a few have, especially in American politics, and it is hard to conceive a sounder education or a finer opportunity than the "minister's boys" had, of whatever unobscured persuasion father was. The ancient joke about clergymen's sons was mostly unjustified and should be taken as the revenge of the unregenerate. Probably many of us have known brilliant children of clergymen who were ironists, in a respectful way, to their fathers. A genius for poker, or an almost uncanny talent for law or business, may be suggested in the memory of him who has known Protestant clergymen of the old school; fervent in spirit, diligent in business, scholars of a type hardly now visible, the nineteenth century lingering into the nineteenth; economists who made, say, \$500,000 further than \$50,000 would go in these present days.

The leg families these people had; the amount of food they had to accumulate and absorb; the shoes innumerable and clothes passing down from eldest to youngest, if the vitality of those family garments could stand it; the habit these "athletes of Christ," if a Catholic phrase may be applied to the soldiers of Protestantism, had of sending those long rows of boys to college; the new books the person bought with what mysterious savings, possibly Mrs. Parson's, we more than suspect that she was the foundation and buttress of the whole establishment; the calls the parson made, not uncheered by the moderate flip and tiddy.

Whatever the unbelievably Josceline columns of laymen, in knowledge such as it was, sternly acquired, forbidding to the modern Spharistics; hard grubbed roots of Hebrew and patristic Greek and Latin; in a little austere but stately courtesy, inherited from the time when all the boys and girls used to make a leg to the "minister"; in good solid work in the study for the two sermons of the next Sunday, homilies not to be repeated within twenty years—or was it thirty?—if we remember; the service of death and life, all the long, intimate relation in a small community, for even New York was a village in Dr. SPRING's time or whatever classical hour of Presbyterianism we choose; in their leadership in education and often in patriotism; with, too, often a strong dry humor under all their modest pomp of social and professional eminence, this clergy is good to remember and good to be descended from.

Usually pretty poor, often of a noble dignity of demeanor and even of a curious hierarchical pride of feature, the long reflection of a life of observation of the hour and the contemplation of eternity, these were memorable old fellows. They could carry a market basket as if it were

the crown jewels. They could dignify a linen coat. And their horses have been known to be mightily deceptive in a race on a country road.

From this strong race Mr. Wilson comes. Of his Presbyterian clerical father he says in words we shall all like him for:

"He was the best instructor, the most inspiring companion, I venture to say, a younger ever had, and in facing a Southern presbytery I cannot think of myself as the President of the United States. I can only think of myself as the son of JOSEPH P. WILSON."

Elsewhere in Mr. Wilson's address may be felt a sort of regret, natural and even admirable, for the faith and works of these elder brethren. But in another way, are not that faith and those works transmitted and inherited? With however much of change and translation, there is something, and something mighty fine, of JOSEPH P. WILSON in his son.

## Milk Street Drips Melodiously Over North Stonington.

An unforgettable poem of the Hon. CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK recalls and syllabizes Rhode Island's loveliest village:

"Westerly on Pawcatuck  
Beats the world for garden truck."

This was written in Brother CLARK's hot youth, when PLANCUS and HAYES were in office. Westerly has other ambition, other history; is a cradle of manufactures; and in the world of literature, Westerly, if she will permit the lower classes to say the brutal word, doesn't amount to a hill of beans. The centre, the summit, the great wellhead of memorable thought and language is North Stonington of these same Nutmegs. Naturally enough, however, from Boston shines the burning light that beams for its happy moment and the delectation of posterity. It is MARTIN WORDSWORTH MAINE who from Milk street, Boston, wreaks himself upon expression and immortalizes North Stonington. He sees with the tender eye of memory unspooled bullock North Stonington:

"There's a little village in a town  
A few miles from the shore,  
I used to frequent when a boy,  
Some three decades or more;  
An ideal country town it was—  
In each and every story  
You'd find settees and chairs enough  
To accommodate a score.  
'You'd always find a goodly crowd  
Of natives seated there.  
And sometimes on a Saturday night  
Not a single seat to spare.  
In winter with the stove red hot  
Your clothes would all went outside  
In summer time all went outside  
And sat upon the porch."

This is pure poetry, quiet, retired and central. The local god shows an ever brightening face, the Nutmeg Nine plays an ever more spirited game, as these stanzas of beauty, power and severely local color are thrown glowing from the versesmith's battered anvil:

"In the little factory on the hill  
Many gained a livelihood;  
And just a little way beyond  
A large old elm tree stood;  
And among its spreading branches  
At daybreak in the spring  
You could hear the little sparrows  
And robin redbreast sing.  
"Another interesting spot  
That adorned this place  
Was the old grist mill with waterwheel  
And the miller's smiling face.  
Who always had a gentle word  
For each and every one;  
Naught can be said against this man  
Of old North Stonington."

This is poetry according to the best Miltonian and Arnoldian standards. It is simple, sensuous, passionate.

## The Closed White House Door.

A meeting between President Wilson and General HUERTA at the White House would bring together two gentlemen of acute minds and uncommon dialectical skill; but obviously it is not to be, though hints are thrown out that the ex-dictator is willing. Reasons of state forbid Mr. Wilson to receive the General. They may be curious to see each other, nevertheless. It is impossible to despise a clever adversary. General HUERTA must be interested in the Statesman who eliminated him from power by taking "the struggle for liberty" seriously; and the rough soldier President who was so dexterous in diplomatic thrust and parry should have a fascination for Mr. Wilson.

It is doubtful if they hate each other inveterately. Both have a sense of humor. Did not General HUERTA, although Mr. Wilson had spoken disrespectfully of him, cable in January, 1914, "A Happy New Year to the glorious people of the United States so worthily represented by you?" There were certainly no hard feelings on the General's side. As for Mr. Wilson, his principles are incompatible with hating any man. Probably he feels rather kindly toward the exiled philosopher now that he is down and out. If not under close observation they might pass the time of day amiably and even indulge in a dignified exchange of pleasantries. They surely have a lot to say to each other, and the greater obligation would be on Mr. Wilson's side, for General HUERTA told Mr. Wilson more true things about Mexico in half an hour than a special emissary like JOHN LIND might disclose in a month of Sundays. It is really a pity that what would be a historic meeting cannot take place.

Mr. BRYAN is to be commended for refusing passports to tourists eager to get near the firing line in Europe. This reminds us of a story recently told by a veteran correspondent of an experience with BISMARCK in the Franco-German war. The correspondent, domiciled in a French town under

martial law, left his lodgings one night after supper, to get some tobacco, which he sorely craved. He bumped into a gigantic figure and was seized by the collar. "Where the devil are you going?" exclaimed the obstacle. It was BISMARCK. The correspondent explained. "Well, as I am a slave to tobacco myself, I said to the great Chancellor, 'Will you give me a cigar and accept my excuses, but if you had gone fifty yards further a sentry would have shot you, or if he had failed to do so I would have had him shot.'"

There is nothing finer in the annual police parade than the well groomed chestnut horses that carry some of "The Pink.".

Don't Judge Baldwin by the railroad station—Sign at Baldwin, Long Island. The ears of Hackensack, N. J., must burn.

It was politic, no doubt, for Earl KITCHENER, Lord HALDANE and Sir EDWARD GREY to follow the example of GEORGE V. and "swear off" for the week. None of these saviors of England has been in the habit of consuming enough alcohol to clog his intellectual processes. A physician would probably prescribe a little whiskey or wine for all of them every day as a needed and harmless stimulant.

There is nothing extraordinary in General PAUL Klinger, a pretty girl who plinned a tricolor bouquet on the lapel of his coat. The General is said to have been deeply affected. Well, why not? Even heroes are human.

## THE ROSETTA STONE.

The Services of Champollion and Young in Its Deciphering.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: A letter in last Sunday's SUN—Sir, "G. F. K." on the Champollion-Young controversy purports to be "in the interest of truth." Ultimately the question of the precedence of Champollion or Young comes down to one of laurels. The great ability of both scholars will be denied by nobody, but in the early nineteenth century a determined attempt was made to suppress the name of Champollion and give it to Young.

To a certain very limited extent this attempt was successful. It may be asserted that Young was the first to apply the deciphering of the Rosetta Stone to the hieroglyphic text of the Rosetta Stone. This, at first, says Budge, quoting Chabas, "fut, dans la réalité, le fait d'un homme de la science. Assez du fait, cependant, que Champollion, en 1822, avait déjà, en 1810, la phonétique power of the hieroglyphs, as proved by a paper read by him before the Society of Arts and Sciences at Grenoble on August 7 of that year; the Rosetta Stone was deciphered by Champollion in 1822, and not by Young in 1823. Young is not enough to justify the claim that he, rather than Champollion, was responsible for the deciphering of the Rosetta Stone. We continue with the discussion of Chabas:

Quelques minutes après, ces premiers traités constituaient le travail de Champollion. Young n'eut que le rôle de traducteur. Young n'eut que le rôle de traducteur. Young n'eut que le rôle de traducteur. Young n'eut que le rôle de traducteur. Young n'eut que le rôle de traducteur.

At a lecture the other day one of the audience, a man of the people, leaned forward and asked very earnestly, "If Champollion was the decipherer, why then, did Young get the credit?" The speaker replied:

By being true yourself. If you are a bricklayer, be just as honest a bricklayer in every detail of your work as you know the word and are bound to discover and know what is true.

In closing, I recommend "Puzzled" to read "The Great Word," a book that has greatly interested many who have not read it. It is a very good book. New York, April 25. S. C. M.

## Of the Here and the Hereafter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It is evident from the expression of "Puzzled" in a recent issue of THE SUN that he has brooded too much over the question of the here and the hereafter. It is a morbid, doubtless twenty-two years of contemplation of the subject, to the exclusion of other matters more closely related to the things of the everyday life has caused it to loom up like a specter before him.

Any man who has reached the stage where he is absolutely certain that death is not a perfectly happy for him is then in a position to defy death to do its worst. He must indeed be a comical wretch if he thinks so much of himself as to be troubled by the thought that he will be annihilated. He is yielding to the inherited instinct of ages instead of using his reason. One would imagine that a man who has reached this stage that he professes to have reached would long ago have got past the millstone of several generations before him.

The efforts of "Puzzled" have brought him to the point where he now finds himself he might better have devoted those twenty-two years to artistic or literary or scientific or something like that. F. L. ORTON.

BROOKLYN, April 23.

## The Anglo-Saxons.

The Anglo-Saxons and the Saxons. They were proper men and bold. They were not like the Saxons of today. At least so we are told. And they started many wrongs. Did the Saxons and the Anglo-Saxons.

The Anglo-Saxons and the Saxons. Did many doubtful things. They rammed over Britain. And conquered all the kings. But they were not like the Saxons of today. From the Saxons and the Anglo-Saxons.

The Normans seized the country. They were not like the Saxons of today. They didn't seize an Anglo-Saxon. Nor yet a single Saxon. The reason why you must have guessed: The two had fully coalesced.

And from that coalescence The Anglo-Saxon sprang. Who has become the subject of most of our history. It is the fane of origin. Of everything we are or know.

Our literature he gave us. Our quite unknown law. Our history, traditions. Our—oh, most mystic magic gauge! Our—yes, our common heritage! And what a scroll stupendous. Of names does he produce. From the Anglo-Saxon. And Robert, Edmund Bruce. To when in this new day and age Lloyd George and K. of K. hold stage.

There's Burns, and J. M. Barrie. And Stevenson and Scott. And Swift and Noëlle Goldsmith. And poets, oh, a lot. And George B. Shaw, now out at grass. And George M. Cohan, who has class.

## THE PUZZLED ONE.

Immortality the Instinct, the Belief and the Desire of All Humanity.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The author of "Puzzled," Dr. Decker of Westwood and his offer to "Puzzled" a very good, but permit me as an old philosopher to say one word more. The honor of immortality and the desire of immortality so deeply rooted in human nature is in itself a proof of immortality. The instincts of nature are sure, in animals and in human beings.

The philosophers who have denied the existence of body were practically forced to admit it. When they feel hungry and thirsty they want to eat and drink. The instinct given by the Creator is indisputable and forces them to ask for food. So the instinct of the soul for immortality and satisfaction of intelligence and heart in a future life is indisputable.

Among those who after denying it more or less have been compelled to say that such desire of immortality is deep and honest, I quote Voltaire and the famous Strauss in Germany; also Littré and Renan and his disciple Taine in France, and now Bergson; Paul Bourget, even Loti, and Herbert Spencer. I could add innumerable other names, but will only ask the gentleman who abhors annihilation to remember that all religions even in prehistoric times have been based on the belief in the immortality of the soul. If, and I fall to discern in this reply "an understanding heart" or any Christian love and charity such as might attract a soul to immortality, the letters of such character must encourage the belief that orthodox religions are more theoretical than practical, fostering an impatient and severe judgment of the laborer, and must assume jurisdiction over an eight hour day the energy required during that period would be twice as great as that of the five and four-tenths hour-power.

So it is obvious that the charges of excessive waste of muscular power in the modern world are not unfounded. The inspiration of muckrakers, malcontents and efficiency fanatics.

Such accusations are a hideous injustice to those millions of gum chewsers who have been working hard already in the day and night in the mastication of gum does not sensibly exceed one and eight-tenths horse-power, and even if the laborer union could assume jurisdiction over an eight hour day the energy required during that period would be twice as great as that of the five and four-tenths hour-power.

Thus it appears that the jaw power developed continuously throughout the day and night in the mastication of gum does not sensibly exceed one and eight-tenths horse-power, and even if the laborer union could assume jurisdiction over an eight hour day the energy required during that period would be twice as great as that of the five and four-tenths hour-power.

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## "FATHER, I THINK"

A Speech of Mr. Wilson's and an Ancient Domestic Anecdote.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: At the risk of being vocal I should like to ask a question and recall a story apropos of this sentence in the President's speech to the Daughters of the American Revolution:

"The first thought is apt to proceed from impulse; and I have often been reproached from some transient sympathy, but we cannot afford to sympathize with anybody or anything except the passing generations of human beings."

Does he mean the generations that are now passing or the generations that have passed, or does he mean to include the countless generations that will yet pass?

We all want to sympathize and we ought to know exactly how far forward or back our sympathies should be extended. Should we reach for Hecla, there being some question as to what she was to us or to her; should we concern ourselves for posterity, which, as one of our own wits, perhaps wisely, pointed out, is certainly doing nothing for us? If he meant that we should confine our sympathies to the generations now passing, did he mean to that portion of these generations now passing in this favored land ours, or to some particular members of these generations in America like Messrs. Arthur Sewall & Son, who have not, as far as we know, got the money yet?

The President's sentence really is so old that it will probably be new to many of the Daughters and some of the Sons of the American Revolution. It has to do with a much admiringly thoughtful of his father's statements, who noticed that his father was standing with his back to the fire on the hearthstone too close to the blazing log.

"Think again," began the son. "Think again, my son," said his father. "Father, I think," he began again. "Think three times my son," said the father. By this time he was so hot that he began to yell the son. "I think your coat tails are on fire!" O. S. P.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., April 23.

## The Note Signed by Mr. Bryan.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: With deep satisfaction and profound surprise I, and perhaps many others, read the reply of our Government to Germany yesterday morning.

The author of that note is unquestionably a statesman, a relic of a former age one might almost say. That the clearheadedness, the statesmanship, the wisdom shown in those sentences could have been produced by one in politics in either party might well have been doubted.

The signature of Mr. Bryan appended to it is of course merely the signature that carries the message. That Mr. Wilson could have worded such a reply is a theory equally impossible to entertain. The real author of that note will eventually be discovered and the American people will have with satisfaction the advent into the political arena of a man upon whom it might almost seem that the highest gifts could be bestowed with safety.

LAWRENCE WHARTON-RICKLEY, PHILADELPHIA, April 24.

## The Turn of the Touched.

Misses found that all he touched turned to gold.

"But they aren't friends any more after I have borrowed," he complained.

## COMFORT FOR THE GUM CHEWER.

An Able Mathematician Denies That There Is Much Waste of Energy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The spring has brought with it, as usual, a renewal of national agitation concerning the presumably enormous waste of human energy involved in the chewing of gum. A year ago an announcement was precipitated by an announcement that the annual consumption of the stuff in America had risen to 500,000,000 packages. This year the professional mind has attacked the problem, with a distinct increase of the public uneasiness. Assertions are made and eagerly accepted to the effect that the muscular energy developed and running to waste in the mastication of this enormous product represents an amount of power which properly harnessed and applied might supply the needs of the industries of great cities.

This indeed is a grave matter, for if the charge be true such profligacy of waste must reflect great discredit on our national standards of efficiency. To clear up all doubt, therefore, I have made inquiry into the facts, mathematically, basing my computations on careful observations made in our public conveniences. While my data are subject to revision with further investigation of speeds, pressures and endurance of the habitual gum chewer, the tentative conclusions are sufficiently precise for this preliminary determination of the truth or falsity of the main contention.

My data are as follows: Number of packages reported sold, 500,000,000; pieces of gum a package, 5; average endurance of masticator, 1 hour; rate of chewing, 100 strokes a minute; length of stroke, one-half inch; mean pressure throughout stroke, 1 ounce.

The computation is as follows: 5,000 packages a year.....log 6.8000  
5,000 pieces a package.....log 0.6990  
5,000 minutes each stroke.....log 1.7920  
100 strokes a minute.....log 1.0001  
5,000 in a stroke.....log 1.6800  
1,200 in a foot.....log 2.9208  
1,000 oz. mean pressure.....log 0  
5,000 oz. a pound.....log 2.7099  
5,000 min. an hour.....log 2.2218  
2,400 hrs. a day.....log 2.6198  
3,625,000 a day a year.....log 3.4374  
3.3,000 foot-pounds horse-power.....log 3.5185

Result, 1,901,100 horse-power.....log 0.2555

Thus it appears that the jaw power developed continuously throughout the day and night in the mastication of gum does not sensibly exceed one and eight-tenths horse-power, and even if the laborer union could assume jurisdiction over an eight hour day the energy required during that period would be twice as great as that of the five and four-tenths hour-power.

So it is obvious that the charges of excessive waste of muscular power in the modern world are not unfounded. The inspiration of muckrakers, malcontents and efficiency fanatics.

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## A COMMON TONGUE.

Reflections on Mr. Herman Ridder's Latest American Course.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Mr. Herman Ridder places a heavy burden on the American people, "the curse of a common tongue with England." This is a very serious charge, because the English language is a thing of growth. It will grow anywhere, and by reason of its tendency when once it gains a foothold in a land, it will spread and root up so that other linguistic plants may have a better chance. Professor Grimm, of Berlin, has said of this "curse of the English language":

It has a thorough power of expression such as no other language ever possessed. It may truly be called a world language, for no other can compare with it in richness, reasonableness and solidarity of texture.

Another singular fact about the English language which Mr. Ridder might consider is its great adaptability and its power to absorb and assimilate other languages. Wherever it goes it sounds the death knell of all the rest. At this present moment it is at work on every portion of the world, planting itself and rearing its head. It has called it "the lion of languages." Even in this country we find that the English language has been a cemetery for other languages. Some of the languages which are the tongues of vigorous peoples: English, Russian, German, French, Italian, Dutch, Portuguese and Scandinavian. All these are indigestible except the English, and so they die if translated.

It would be interesting to hear from those who think it is a blessing, a source of "a curse" to have a common tongue.

NEW YORK, April 23.

## Communication From the Late Mr. Sophocles.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Replying to your request for explanation of my recent silence, I go to hear the lectures of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Wilson to the following from my writings of 440 B. C.: "The tongue is held in honor by such men as reckon words of more account than things." SOPHOCLES.